to see it teachie and fall out with Dugge. Shake quoth the Doue-house twas no need I trow to bid me trudge, and since that time it is a leauen yeare: for then could Iuliet stande high lone, nay by the Roode, shee could haue wadled vp and downe, for euen the day before shee brake her brow, and then my husband God be with his soule, hee was a merrie man: Dost thou fall forward Iuliet? thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit: wilt thou not Iuliet? and by my holidam, the pretty foole left crying and said I. To see how a ieast shall come about, I warrant you if I should liue a hundred yeare, I neuer should forget it, wilt thou not Iuliet? and by my troth she stinted and cried I.

Iuliet: And stint thou too, I pre thee Nurce say I.

Nurce: *VVell goe thy waies, God marke thee for his grace, thou wert the prettiest Babe that euer I nurst, might I but liue to see thee married once, I haue my wish.*

VVife: And that same marriage Nurce, is the Theame I meant to talke of: Tell me *Iuliet*, howe stand you affected to be married?

Iul: It is an honor that I dreame not off.

Nurce: *An honor! were not I thy onely Nurce, I would say thou hadst sucke wisedome from thy Teat.*

VVife: Well girle, the Noble Countie *Paris* seekes thee for his Wife.

Nurce: *A man young Ladie, Ladie such a man as all the world, why he is a man of waxe.*

VVife: Veronaes Summer hath not such a flower.

Nurce: *Nay he is a flower, in faith a very flower.*

VVife: Well *Iuliet*, how like you of *Paris* loue.

Iuliet: Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue, but no more deepe will I engage mine eye, Then your consent giues strength to make it flie.

Enter Clowne.

Clowne: *Maddam you are cald for, supper is readie, the Nurce curst in the Pantrie, all thinges in extreamitie, make hast for I must be gone to waite.*

Enter Maskers with Romeo *and a Page.*

Ro: What shall this speech bee spoke for our excuse? Or shall we on without Apologie.

Benuoleo: The date is out of such prolixitie, Weele haue no *Cupid* hud winckt with a Scarfe, Bearing a *Tartars* painted bow of lath, Scaring the Ladies like a crow-keeper: Nor no without booke Prologue faintly spoke After the Prompter, for our entrance. But let them measure vs by what they will, Weele measure them a measure and be gone.

Rom: A torch for me I am not for this aumbling, Beeing but heauie I will beare the light.

Mer: Beleeue me *Romeo* I must haue you daunce.

Rom: Not I beleeue me you haue dancing shooes With nimble soles, I haue a soule of lead So stakes me to the ground I cannot stirre.

Mer: Giue me a case to put my visage in, A visor for a visor, what care I What curious eye doth coate deformitie.

Rom: Giue me a Torch, let wantons light of hart Tickle the senceles rushes with their heeles: For I am prouerbd with a Grandsire phrase, Ile be a candleholder and looke on, The game was nere so faire and I am done.

Mer: Tut dun's the mouse, the Constables old word, If thou beest Dun, weele draw thee from the mire Of this surreuerence loue wherein thou stickst. Leaue this talke, we burne day light here.